

2014
COMPOSITION

WIDE RULED

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Book One

Summer 2009

1 August 2009 Saturday

[I have waited several days before putting ink to this blank notebook, for I want this volume to be different somehow. I want to tell a story to an imagined audience.

I have yet to come up with a title.
Water from the fountain at the local library is especially refreshing today, and I am not at all ashamed of my lustful attraction to ~~attractive~~ women I see.
There is an innocence to sexual desire even though such desire has been demonized as perverted or deviant to "civilization".

This sensual, sensitive, tender creature I am, the one who "steals kisses", "steals glances", "fantasizes" ... this private hidden core presence of mind writes in order to discover what "it" "thinks". Within this inner dimension, my being-in-itself merges with all creatures as it faces squarely the possible absurdity of our "predicament."]

Moving into my poetic philosopher phase?
 Have I ever been anything other than the
 philosophical poet? From nothingness we come
 and back to nothingness we return. How could
 anyone not have compassion for every living
 creature enduring the terror - yes, the terror,
 of Being?

Sure there is "beauty" ... but what of the
 ugliness and the horror of being "ugly"?
 Is beauty in the eye of the beholder?

The pain in my lung is actually becoming worse.
 Will "Nature" heal me in time? Or do I just
 have to adjust to the pain acquired through horseplaying
 by the pool?

Ideas for a "title" and theme for this "new" series
 of "pig shit":

Between Two Eternities?

The Void Speaks?

A Futile Struggle?

Traces of Anomie?

Resting in Absurdity?

My Truth!

MEIN
WAHRHEIT

Water is the essence of life. Drinking ice water (from the tap and frozen somewhat in a freezer) is a great experience. Words cannot express the delight experienced by the "animal/plant creature" while it is drinking ice cold water!

This SACRED WATER is the essence of life. No life can survive without it. Why do I succumb to spending money on stuff that gives me only a short burst of pleasure? Even the alcohol is just a means to giving pleasure to the BRAIN.

Every time I begin a new notebook/diary, I am that much closer to the end. What value do ~~does~~ all my philosophical studies have? I have a rich inner life, no?

2 August 2009 Sunday

I've been thinking about Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces quite a lot lately. It turns out that JD was originally from New Orleans. He came by last night to tell me he was moving to Omaha - a small town 8 hours trip away by bus. This is a relief as he had become somewhat of an annoyance with his showing up at my door with his cursed crumbs of "white gold" asking me if I had ten dollars. I would tell him I had no money. He would then ask again and again and again. I actually feel more calm when I have no money.

[I have to conclude that one is better off without 4
\$25,000.00 trust funds or lottery winnings...
When one doesn't possess anything, but lives month
to month on government assistance, one has
nothing much to lose in the event of a natural
disaster. Somehow one's psyche is purified
through not owning capital.

Perhaps it was not a wise decision making
a trans-continental voyage 3000 miles away from my
folks back in Dirty Jersey. The trauma I've
experienced has been stored in my computer made
of meat between my ears. Do I even need to tell
anyone of my experiences? Does it not
radiate from my presence?

And this is where Todor's book, A Confederacy of
Dunces, becomes relevant in my own personal drama.

The character, Ignatius Reilly, is just that:
a real character. I have the feeling that
I am also quite a character, getting attention
wherever I may roam simply by being myself.
Was this the case with Kurt Vonnegut as well?
Am I perhaps very much like Kilgore Trout?
What about Chad Mulligan from John Brunner's
Stand On Zanzibar? We're all these characters,
Ignatius, Kilgore, Chad alter-egos of the authors.

[Was Prince Myshkin (the "idiot") not Dostoevsky 5
himself? Was Harry Haller not Hermann Hesse?

I begin writing in this notebook at the exact moment when my mother has sold her condo in my hometown (Freehold, New Jersey), and has relocated in Lakewood, into a much smaller house with no attic and no basement.

So, all of my personal possessions are gone forever as if by fire, flood, or hurricane.

And yet, here I am, with my Presence of Mind, still intact, still learning, still transforming.

On a spiritual level, I am coming to the point where I want to "babble" less, where I want to speak only from the heart, and not from the head. If I practice this "way" in speech, will it not also be reflected in my writing "style"? Will I be able to discover a Deeper Voice?

Robert Pirsig gives a clue in Lila:

"Indians don't talk to fill time. When they don't have anything to say, they don't say it. When they don't say it, they leave the impression of being a little ominous. In the presence of this Indian silence, whites sometimes get nervous and feel forced as a matter of politeness

or kindness to fill the vacuum with a kind of small talk which often says one thing and means another. But these well-mannered circumlocutions of aristocratic European speech are "forked-tongue" talk to the Indian and are infuriating. They violate his morality. He wants you to either speak from the heart or keep quiet.

This has been a source of Indian-white conflict for centuries and although the modern white American personality is a compromise of that conflict, the conflict still exists."

Shalonda Morton of Matawan made it clear to me that my chitter-chatter got on her nerves. Fred, a new acquaintance here in Washington, makes it painfully clear to me that he is infuriated by my constant chitter-chatter.

If I am able to speak only from the heart, only when I really have something to say, will this carry over into my writing?

Will I be able to save paper leaving out the little notes that are just so much pig shit? Straight, head-on, declarative sentences with poetic force - that's the style I want to develop.]

5 August 2009 Wednesday

7

[The trip into Seattle yesterday triggered some kind of deep depression in me to the point I was crying tears when finally alone on the floor with the lights off.

No drug can relieve me of this emptiness.] Am I on a whole different level of being human than most?

I feel the need to write in the Confessions Forum about my growing sense of alertness and awareness. [My heart is in great pain. Is this despair?

Life is not a party.]

Am I losing confidence in my ability to woo Earnestine?] Am I coming to experience reality from a deeper perspective?

[Why did I feel as though every stranger could read my feelings of despair? Why did I sense there was some kind of sick pleasure people derived from witnessing my inner pain, doubt, and confusion?

Are my feelings so deep that I may become paralyzed?]

[Pain and fear motivate behavior. If a person brings me pain, maybe I want to avoid that person. Yet, if it is this concrete jungle itself that cause me pain, if the city itself is experienced as a Living Hell, where demons hide behind every face, mocking me, I will want to hide,] I am afraid of having my feelings hurt anymore. I will try to call my mother and leave a message for my father thanking him for paying my first fine with to ~~the~~ the Federal Way Courts.

[Mom did not answer her phone. These feelings of pain, fear, and confusion that are overwhelming me - I wonder if such an intimate experience of the human condition will inspire compassion in my heart for all living beings. Why is life so painful? Why is life such a nightmare?]

The global scale of the genuine emergency facing us never gets too much focus.

On a local immediate level, I can no longer ignore that I sense people are aware of me, that people "discuss me," ~~that people are aware of me.~~

Early in the month, I don't post too much. Could it be because I am too drunk or too beat from drinking that my mind becomes too distraught?

And, is it no wonder people don't have the patience or motivation to even attempt to understand me?

This is a nightmare world.

People self-police their behavior, shunning, criticizing or mocking what they perceive as "negative people." I am a negative person.

Even as far as this young woman, Earnestine, is concerned, what if I were to just stop pursuing her?

Should I see if she wants to go to Fran's tomorrow? I will want to see her, but I am giving up on romantic delusions

[I had intended on writing a kind of autobiographical afterpunk science fiction anti-dovel, but it is turning out to be more of the same pig shit, like all my previous diaries.

All I can try to do is be the character of Ganyatom's. We who kept a diary - or Orwell's Winston from 1984 - who also wrote "to the future."]

It's creepy out there. What is the best thing to do? Drink some booze and fall to sleep!

[There is no educating the masses. Now we have to hide from the masses. The inner transformations I am going through are letting me know how very much I am at odds I am with the dumb mother fuckers who seem to have no empathy. They rise to the top?]

The parts of the brain that cause cravings for euphoria are the same parts of the brain that cause us to eat food when we are hungry.

Food is our primary addiction.
Is it? But breathing air an addiction as well?

There is a realm of experience that is very close to the bone, and that is where I want to keep it - closer to the heart.

We are all on this journey alone. My nephew can't be for me what I need to be for myself. No words or essays are going to magically make everything crystal clear.

Some problems are unsolvable.
We continue to exist in spite of all the uncertainty and confusion.

Could it be that I am "slipping away"?

Am I disappointed with how my relation to E is unfolding? Am I terrorized by the harsh psychology of the streets? Are people generally damaged? Hunt people hunt people.

If there were a switch I could hit to turn off the pain, wouldn't I have done so by now? Is anything worth doing?

What does it matter?

Journals animals... too heavy to carry!

How can I expect others to read what I write if I can't even muster up the motivation to read myself?

We find ourselves in a situation.

We exist. We are hungry. We are chained to the demands of biological necessity. We look within and witness restlessness, anxiety, impatience, pain.

Do some people ignore or deny these discomforting states? Do they get pleasure from witnessing others in ANGUISH?

What do we mean when we say we are mistfits?

Do we really mean to say we are sorcerers, shamans, or brujos?

A brujo claims religious powers and acts outside of and sometimes against the local church authorities.

I think that, in the case of psychiatrists persecuting a genius, we see a conflict similar to the one between a priesthood and a shaman.

Priests fight an unrelenting war against shamans. Maybe there is a secret war waged against geniuses.

I am angry. That night the pigs came and dragged me to the hospital, well, I just got a \$900 bill in the mail! Involuntary treatment and get charged ??? Fuckers!

Why is F ("Reality") so determined to continually destroy my confidence and fill me with doubt? He says he is not the Grim Reaper, and yet he becomes hostile over the issue of Jesus. He is obsessed with "judgement" and seems to be very aware of my "alter ego", E3 - soon to be Psycho Drama (psychodrama). Evidently "the people" are quite aware of my tendency to speak my mind. F wants me to SHUT UP.

I feel hated and mocked all around.

F is all caught up in public opinion and most likely wants me to be punished for my courageous attempt to go against the grain.

Is it possible for me to elevate from this madness? It is obvious to me that there is something about me that simultaneously demands attention but also instigates confrontation.

Is it possible for "art" to process declare war against the tyranny of public opinion?

9 August Sunday

35

Why is F determined to silence me?
Why is he so obsessed with forcing his worldview
on me and pushing REJECTION on me?
A Confederacy of Dunces? He wants me
to see myself as a fool. He wants
me to accept - AS REALITY -
his perceptions, and he just can't stand
the thought of me being free to speak
and write whatever the fuck I
want to. He wants me to fear
"Judgement".

How revealing - all his commentary,
all his hostility. Does he not resemble
some kind of villain from a novel?
His recourse to the Bible and
his naming himself God may mean that,
in this section of the Prison Complex,
Federal Way, he wants to claim
authority, patriarchal authority.
He seems to be just another
psychological bully with very little
patience, identifying with "the Heavenly Father".
He doesn't see the Devil in himself.

The small band of thinkers is international.
 "The Working Boy" - I spend my day in
 the library I and down at the computer
 in the office... I seem to a peculiar
 "Mark Twain" character... a Tom
 Sawyer full grown...

Σ ∅ says void, null, empty set
 "Nobody"

Aren't I some kind of underground journalist?
 Suppose my primitive physical presence
 is the real phenomenon, and
 the words I write just a record of
 my personal psychodrama?

In effect, I function as what can
 be called "an intellectual".
 The Planet of the Apes was not about
 gorillas, orangutans, and chimpanzees.
 It was a social commentary on
 our own society. It is merely
 some kind of MAP.

12 August 2009 Wednesday

In "For Drunken Madmen Only," "free-thinker" is quoted because it is some great writing. Specifically:

"When conspiracy theorists speak of the evil plan of the elites to get rid of the poor people, could it be that the elite are contriving to drive those poor people suicidal?"

Would not surprise me in the least."

My reply:

Without resources, it is most likely not too healthy to entertain securing a wife or a life-partner in our society.

Sexual and emotional compatibility is just not enough. The sad truth,

The ugly truth."

I awaken at first concerned that I may not be chosen by E as a mate; but upon reflection I yield to Nature taking its course.

All my heavy feelings take their toll on me. The method of doing away with "trouble-makers" is no longer "crucifixion" or poison or hanging. There are mechanisms in place to make life so unbearable that one commits suicide. I suspect those who put on a happy face may be hiding their own misery, maybe ashamed of their misery.

When we suspect our misery is to a certain extent manufactured, would this strengthen our resolve to become more combative? Anger over depression?

Anger is a sign of life.

Depression is the slipping toward death.

13 August 2009 Thursday

I will have to arbitrate a little at Isis. I don't want to alienate #C!!! because she is a valuable voice. I don't want to see silenced. Honesty is always in trouble. I also value's presence. Sorry I suck as a referee.

15 August 2009. Saturday

I renamed the website to mark the announcement of the disappearance of JQ and Anne. I am not sure why these things happen, but I am rolling with the punches.

The name of the forums: Seasons in the Abyss

description: Language acts as a barrier to communications, which in turn isolates the individual even more, thus making speech almost futile. So why speak? Why write? Why try to communicate using words? Is it even possible? Look, listen, and learn...



Maybe I am compromising, meeting F on some middle ground. Perhaps I will become less verbose and, from now on only speak from the heart.

Maybe my writing will become more poetic.

My new name: Mental Exile

I am picking up more this time through Pirsi's Lila.
He says that those who are overwhelmed and get
manic and depressive are maybe the ones who
really understand the "city", the ones with the
Zen shoshin, the "beginner's mind."

"Those conservatives who keep trumpeting
about the virtues of free enterprise are normally
just supporting their own self-interest.
They are doing the usual cover-up for the
rich in their age-old exploitation of the
poor."

"Radical idealists and degenerate hooligans sometimes
strongly resemble each other."

← The Great Satan?

What is "the Giant"? This nameless, faceless
system ready to devour us and digest us?

It uses our energy to grow stronger while
we grow older and weaker. When we
are no longer of much use, it excretes us
and finds another younger person full of
energy to take our place and it
sucks up that life-energy next.]

12
15 August 2016
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I guess I am an "absurdist". Communication between human beings is well-nigh impossible, and the world will forever remain an impenetrable mystery. The recognition of these bitter truths has a liberating effect: if we realize the basic absurdity of most of our objectives we are freed from being obsessed with them and this release expresses itself in laughter.

How do we make sense of a world that is incomprehensible? How do we "cope"? How do we "get through the day"? So that when tomorrow comes we have the strength to continue?

I will walk in search of what? Tobacco or the pavement? I may just want to look at the stars and reflect upon the lucid dreams I had while napping. I will embrace insomnia.

Am I a manifestation of the conflict between society and intellect? It is better for an idea to destroy a society than for a society to destroy an idea.

"The moral values that were replacing the old European Victorian ones were the moral values of Native American 'Indians': kindness to children, maximum freedom, love of simplicity, affinity for nature."

"Indian" values are alright for an Indian style of life, but they don't work so well in a complex technological (mass) society.

Indians themselves (myself included) have a terrible time in "the city".

Cities function on punctuality and attention to detail. They depend on the ability to subordinate to authority, whether it is a cop or an office manager or a bus driver. "Naturalness" does not make for adjustment to urban life.

16 August 2009 Sunday

Does something change in our psyche when we realize that communication between human beings is nearly impossible?

Does one feel anguish at this point or does one feel liberated?

Has anyone ever been understood?
Am I a mystic? What do I mean by "mental exile"?



Insanity is a social and intellectual deviation, not a biological deviation. The only test for insanity in a court of law or anywhere else is conformity to a cultural status quo. This is why the psychiatric profession bears such a resemblance to the old priesthoods. Both use physical restraint and abuse as ways of enforcing the status quo.

Assigning medical doctors to treat "insanity" is a misuse of their training. Intellectual heresy is none of their business. Their so-called cures are always biological.

shock, drugs, lobotomies, and physical restraints. Is it not revolutionary that a philosopher of our era, namely, Robert M. Pirsig, opposes psychiatry as the "priesthood" of our society — those who try to control the intellectual level of evolution?

In order to get out and stay out of mental hospitals, Pirsig had to be less honest and more of a conformist to the status quo. He became a conforming, role-playing, ex-mental patient, who knew how to do as he was told without protest.

I do not want to play a role. I prefer to be honest.

note: In Indonesia — amok is a brooding depression which succeeds to a dangerous level of violence.

"Some people don't realize what a bunch of role-players they are, but the insane see this role-playing and resent it."

20
16 August 2009 Sunday
One of the main reasons I am rereading Persig's Lila is because I remember reading about this "doll" that Lila identified as her baby, and I was interested in getting some insight into Ernestine's doll ... the one she calls Christopher, the pink teddy bear she pushes around in a stroller.

"The doll thing was a solution to something, some child thing, but he didn't know what it was. The important thing was to support her delusions and then slowly wean her away from them rather than fight them."

This has also been my *modus operandi* with Ernestine. Even though I am starting to suspect she and I will never kiss or ~~become~~ sexually intimate, I still sense she and I may continue to stay in touch and go out now and then. In the meantime, I feel at liberty to seek out a life partner who is closer to my age.

21 August 2009 Friday

73

I posted an essay this morning focusing on Ursig's proposal for a gradeless system, as presented in *Ign & the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. When linking to homelessnation.org, I discovered an essay by Voided37 called "Lions on crack."

I posted it in Comic Relief as I found it outrageously blasphemously funny - in a dark way.

"The worst of the whole damned lot going to church, still preaching and practicing manifest destiny, paying taxes, being good little piggy richmanns, watching the copper shows thinking the bad guys never get away when they themselves and their enforcers are the worst of the worst lukewarm piss-ants killing all that lives in the name of Jesus, PRAISE THE MOTHERFUCKING LORD!

Yeah.

And they'll claim I'm going to Hell!

WELL GOOD, MOTHERFUCKER! I COULDN'T TAKE ETERNITY WITH HYPOCRITICAL GOODY-GOODY TWO SHOES SHITS LIKE YOU ANYWAY... Gag me with a king james edition... [and send me laughing] maniacally I all the way down... HEEHEEHAHAHA!

" Sell another gold cross! Ridiculous cocksuckers.
Me? I'd rather smoke crack any day of the week
and twice on Sundays if that is the only
alternative to the world of the responsible
upstanding citizen. And that shit is no good
for anything except hyper-vigilant inner
terror, wild WIDE eyed FEAR so deep
you know you aint doing right ... "

Stephen D. Bakunin McHott

" LSD gets you more time than 1st degree murder. "

" The last thing shareholders want is their
shares getting smarter. Remember your history?
Can't let them niggers read! Gotta pass
a law! Keep 'em down and keep 'em stupid
and remember the man that gives 'em a
CAUSE, especially a spiritual one, is the
most dangerous man on earth, to PIGS
LIKE NIXON RAEGEN BUSH OBAMA PIGS
ONE AND ALL! "

" Quit smoking that damn crack ...
Maintain [an ounce of weed at all times] "
THE ONLY HOPE IS DOPE

If we realize the basic absurdity of our objectives
we are freed from being obsessed with them.

I did not go through this spiritual boot camp
that has been my life just to care in
and live the life of a gort so as to go
along with a life-partner who may not
have done much serious thinking about
the art of how to resist being devoured
by "the Giant".

And so, even while I may still see Earnestine -
just out of sympathy and kindness,
I definitely find the woman at
the Woodmont library far more attractive.
I don't even know if I could ever
even begin to become intimate with her.
My "reputation" most likely has her
believing she is "too good for me" -
and yet I - what about my reading interests?
What about my interest in activity as
an underground philosopher? She would have
access to such knowledge. Most likely I
will remain a lone wolf alcoholic renegade of funk.

25
The transcontinental voyage I made from the east coast (New Jersey) out to the state of Washington, the Seattle/Tecoma area has awakened me. I had no idea what to expect. Even though I could get used to this life out here in "King County," I am not enthusiastic about settling down here.

Before November I will have had to pay for and attend the 8 hour alcohol rehab class and by February, 2010 I will have had to pay \$350 fines (or \$100 plus 25 hours community service)

I will look into doing service at the food bank in Federal Way. Then I will incorporate the food bank into my monthly routine.

In March, my lease is up. I think I will contact my section 8 case manager out here as well as in Freehold and see about returning to New Jersey before the Spring of 2010. I will have nowhere to stay. Where will I live while looking for a studio apartment?

And why exactly am I returning to Jersey?
Why Monmouth County New Jersey?

My parents are there. They care about me. My nephew is not really "in my life" as much as I had expected - actually not at all.

We are planning to spend a day walking in the Rain Forest at Schmidt??

That is early next month.

I am not including Earnestine in this excursion. I am going to gradually forget about Earnestine & Brakes.

Will I have to attend "CPC Behavioral Healthcare"? I don't see why I would have to. If I am able to live without medication, then I don't require a psychiatrist.

I could visit my mother on a regular basis. I could visit my sister and my father and Billy Reynolds and Greg Elroy and even Matavon: Tyson, Ethan, Chalonda, Candy. I could visit Beltaire Farm, see Nati in Freehold.

And yet, where would I look for a room? Brick? Freehold? Matawan? I am meeting some people out here, but I feel that returning to New Jersey will give me insight into why I initially left.

I could stay a year or so in Jersey (with my new way of living with barely ZERO possessions) - and then I may want to see about meeting up with Bone in Florida or with some Internet-inspired commune.

Oh, once I get back "home" I may never want to leave again after experiencing what it feels like to be so far from my parents.

I wanted to get out of New Jersey. I made it out. The problem is that I landed 3300 miles from home and my nephew is not really in my life at all.



2009.08.22

My grandma Weber passed away this morning,
9:15 AM (Eastern time) - 6:15 AM... I here
I found out late in the day...

Mom is sad. She is feeling very
alone. Why did I come out here this
year? What was I thinking?

Still, I don't know what I will do
when I get back to Jersey...

I Renamed website [FIGHTING BACK]

The Ghost Forums: Where the Void Begins: ~~Anxiety in the Flesh~~

X With manic humor, howls of pain, and a
restige of tears, we explore our
contradictions and discomfort.

I am at my wits end, and am just about
ready to give up writing on the Internet.
I just don't see the point in it at all
anymore. Speaking to Mom had a somewhat
depressing effect on me.



Each creature must be obsessed with their own inner condition, chained to the yoke of biological necessity and the demands of unmet primitive needs.

Writing has become a tantrum for me. No words can heal me of my - what is it? self-hatred? The more I come to know my inner motivations, the more I despise myself, the more I must despise others.

What good can come from this gut-wrenching discomfort anxiety? No human being, not even my mother or my nephew can cure me of my depression. Life is sad, unpleasant, and absurd. There seems to be no meaning to any of it.

Nobody will read my notes, even though much of it is "brilliant." So what does it matter? Dr Frances Cress Welsing might even be interested in pointing out the inherent anger and frustration in me - but she would never be able to convince me that her inner condition is all harmonious. No more lies. I see too much. I feel too deep!

2009.08.22
It can't just be me. I won't believe the lie.
Who can rescue another from the horror of Being?
The two-legged vermin around me get under my skin.
I mistrust those who look like me? Yes, there
seems to be something especially dangerous about
the hateful poor devils - as if they have
already condemned me as a "nigger lover".

And so I walk in fear, aware that there
is a lot of unstable phenomena out here. Shall
I allow my rage and anger to show? Why
hide it? Why play the ~~idiot~~ fool?
Why be a clown?

X
I know the human condition - and I disagree
with those who say they are "happy" and that they
consider themselves "strong" because they "don't let things
get to them." I disagree. My theory is that
those who ~~try to~~ feel their true feelings are
the ones exhibiting true strength. Those who,
like myself, admit that their lives are not
worth living are the truly strong. Do those
so who "act" happy, those who deceive themselves
even realize that I see right through their "act"?

One who is strong and bold enough to really dig deep and feel and experience to the drops this — what we call "the human condition" — does a service by letting others see what is really going on.

As I am writing this, sitting by a fence along the highway, another bottle of water was thrown at me. These two-legged vermin!!! This time it was a silver minivan. I have been hit before by a bottle of water on this highway.

My response? At first — sadness. Then — anger. The anger is a healthier reaction.



My mood is heavy, deep, lonely, a little bitter, it's the poetic mood — some call it the blues.

This is the creative mood; it is not for everyone.

Televisions, video games, movies, amusements, hard-core drugs, alcohol — distractions.

Tonight I invite my soul once again.

Is it sadness? Is it depth?

Is it too real, too raw, too close the bone, too close to the heart. What does it take to get there? Why do we run away from our feelings? What is the heart trying to say? Do we drown out the ancient voices?

78
My grandmother died today. She was the last of
my biological grandparents. Grandparents of
the Universe, behold me!

Have I been chosen to feel what I feel?
Am I not one who knows himself?
So much hatred in this world! In this world,
people are not kind to people. In this world,
we are isolated in a dimension called
loneliness. What is happiness? Why does
happiness appear vulgar and obscene to
me who feel so deeply?

Who will ever read these words? My own
parents seem not interested in reading what
I have written. In 7th grade, a teacher
told me I wrote beautifully - but people
are generally not interested.

The world is filled with lonely
heart broken suffering bodies. The slaughterhouses
keep animals in the most dreadful and
terrifying conditions. I eat the carcasses of
hogs, cows, the eggs of tortured fowl.
I wish I were a plant. My brain feels too
much. Why do I feel so alone in this world?

Shall I read another story by Jim Harrison?
 I am such a lonely man. Sometimes I sense
 the entire world is against me — most
 because of my "white skin" and "Nordic"
 ancestry. Then there are those with
 white skin who are against me because I
 have tried to bond with all, from
 Africans to Indians to Mexicans and Chinese...

And yet, still, I am the lonely poor
 devil... alone and openly miserable.

Schopenhauer disciple, there is some
 reward, some comfort in solitude!

I will look into the alcohol education
 classes... My father will pay for it... I will
 find out how to go about doing this.

I will try to do 25 hours of
 community service for the food bank in
 Federal Way...

I can't lie to myself. My heart is
 heavy, and I am miserable. Suicide
 is not an easy task to accomplish.

And so I endure, but I no longer want
 to struggle. Life is not a party.
 Life is a NIGHTMARE.

Some cling to illusions ... religion, marriage, family. They do not fool me.

Others cling to social status; property, their sense of duty, honor.

I hate liars; I really do.

Honesty is praised and then left to starve.

Is tonight the night when I decide to declare a spiritual war against this world that MOCKS my agony?

I hide from the wicked.

There is nothing left for me to do but hide. There is just so much pain and anger, so much hatred and abuse.

Perhaps I have written too much. Perhaps it is about time I stepped into the Abyss, into the Void. Perhaps I shall slam the door shut and disappear from the Internet. It may be time for me to BROOD, to STEW, to SULK, to dive deep, to taste my inner anxieties to the drugs, to behold the utter nightmare and to IGNORE the wilfully ignorant masses

in their god-forsaken automobiles! Why would I bother publishing what I write? Why do I bother even keeping my website up? To be mocked? To be crucified? To be poked with a stick? At what point do I FIGHT BACK? Can I accomplish anything with MAGIC? Can I unleash demons? Can I send out SPELLS, HEXES, CURSES, VODOO, MAGIC?

What is MANA? What is spontaneous voodoo? My anger is real. No, Dr Frances Cross Welsing, it is not funny! This world is a nightmare to me as well. And so I hide. I may not live to make it back to New Jersey.

My poor mother may go insane should I perish before making it back. Release me! Release me!

Release me! I have rejected the alarm clock. I have cursed the God of the Bible. I fear the ignorant. I am hated. People take pleasure in my sorrow. They want me PUNISHED for my BOLDNESS.

Now, with my mother's mother deceased, she may begin to feel extremely lonely. I really do want to get back to New Jersey to comfort her. I am certainly not looking to "settle" out here in Federal Way. I don't care for Seattle at all. I am not impressed with cities. Never have been.

So, the "adventure" has taught my heart some lessons; and, while I can't be certain I will ever make it back to Jersey, I am planning on it. I will discuss it with a case worker well before March, perhaps as early as December or January.

Maybe I will get killed before too long, and all this planning will have been in vain. My mother would be heartbroken. I do not lie when I say that I am a very unique character. I have been told repeatedly on the Internet that my website is an alternate reality compared to most.

2009.08.23

99

Well... while cursing and making a fuss about these mother fuckers with rocks in their heads for brains, I found a twenty dollar bill, did a celebratory ~~for~~ victory dance, and shot over as quickly as possible to purchase a twelve-pack of Natural Ice (5.9%) and a pouch of Midnight Express.

I was only looking for \$1.00 so I could add it to the 35¢ + pennies I had in my pocket to get a 24oz 211. I found \$20.00 on the pavement!

Thank you Grandma Peggy Weker!
Now I am 3 bars deep into the 12-pack and feeling POWERFUL.

Fuck I crack cocaine

I am an old-school alcoholic mother fucker. This boy has a strong stomach, no wife, no children... No "girl friend"! HAA HAA!
Hooo nah! Mikey smiles hard today. Here comes the night fuckers! I shall purchase matches, a lighter, and more tobacco?

24 August 2009 Monday

I experienced some kind of ~~a~~ psychotic episode this afternoon after being asked to leave the library for talking to myself. I had drank a 40 ounce bottle of strong ale ... I guess that's what I did it.

Why don't I just commit suicide?
Well, because I don't want to hurt my parents.

I want my life to be over and done with. I have come to certain conclusions about life that contradict the beliefs of my mother and sister. Life is evil.

Perhaps my understanding even contradicts things Joe Filiberto believes — such as, that "life is a gift." If life is a gift, why does it feel more like a curse?

Isn't it immoral to willfully bring life into this world? ~~It~~ My goal is to behold reality, and to recognize the absurd. It would have been better never to have been born.

Why is "birth" celebrated? Why is life made out to be something to be celebrated?

I am filled with contradictions. Perhaps I really am quite insane. I don't want to be institutionalized. My consciousness is a great burden. My intelligence is a "handicap" in our society.

It is a possibility that I won't make it back to see my parents ever again. I am quite certain that suicide is simply not an option for me. It is more difficult than people imagine. My body wants to live.

And yet, while I live, I can't help but despise brown-nosing, ass-licking goody-goody, two shoes who always seem to have me at their mercy.

I called "Nat" ... he was very stand-offish. I think I will be writing less and less on "my website". I have clearly lost the will to live. The author of *A Confederacy of Dunces*, John Kennedy Toole, committed suicide... Gilles Deleuze committed suicide...

101 24 August 2009 Monday
I have to remember how alcohol affects me.
It leads to psychotic fits!
Native American Indians would destroy their
village and become violent when on rum.
The women would hide in the woods
with their children!

Why can't I just STOP drinking alcohol?
OK. OK. OK. I have some kind
of "reaction" to alcohol... It tends
to make me go into a rage.
I "black out"?

I really wish I could stop. Maybe I
might be able to quit drinking the stuff.
I just don't want anything to do with
"Alcoholics Anonymous", The 12 Step Cult,
or "turning my will/life over to my God".

The reason I want to keep off alcohol is
because it makes me go into rages. I have
psychotic fits. This is why Joe Fili
advises me NOT to indulge. He
suggests I pleasure my brain with yoga & meditation.

[

Along with Cioran, I say:
 "What do you do from morning to night?"
 "I endure myself."

This is so true, and yet, at least I have an imagination... At least solitude affords me access to enjoying my mental faculties.]

25 August 2009 Tuesday

2:30 AM I wake ... drink tea ... eat 2 hot dogs.

- Dream - The VW Jetta (1983) needed to go through inspection... I was going to have to rent a van... to move belongings? Was Marga Sundry in this? Was I moving from her house?

Awake, I am relieved not to be burdened with the hassle of owning an old clunker.

[

"Write books only if you are going to say in them the things you would never dare confide to anyone." ~ Cioran

I keep reminding myself that INSIGHT INTO MY OWN BEHAVIOR is never accomplished in vain.]

201
Although painful, self-knowledge brings one into harmony with the unconscious.

Why would I become frustrated simply because others may not have my degree of insight into their own behavior? It's ludicrous!

It is unnecessary!

There is no need to convince others of my "brilliance". Have I been writing on the Internet in order to "show off"? And, if so, why be ashamed? Am I not simply tearing down walls? Am I not simply letting it be generally known to anyone interested (nobody is interested) that I am a rather complex creature? [I want to force the social fabric to witness this contradiction: that "the intellectual" is destroyed by "American" capitalism, that the so-called "land of the free" is dominated by self-imposed anti-intellectual fascism, that the "home of the brave" is ruled by people afraid to KNOW themselves.] I remain dumbfounded that I am not made some kind of ~~claf~~.

I really do write for myself. People would most likely say that I "think too much".

Their religions may warn them against too much knowledge specifically because such knowledge leads to despair, hopelessness, misery...

My life could serve as a testament to the dangers of too much knowledge. Who would trade blissful ignorance for the nightmare of consciousness?

Still, I would not trade minds with anyone. There are very few thinkers who have the courage to reflect so deeply on the nature of their lives.

There may be no cure for "depression". When I am able to be released from the grips of despair, I am tempted to "thank Heaven", as if some kind of supernatural agencies were involved in lifting my burdens.

Who can see into the hearts of others? Is it a sign of emotional maturity when we are able to concede that we are not alone in our loneliness?

Start a new "chapter" → INSIGHTS INTO MY DESPAIR...

* Anything alive in us comes from before Christianity. I no longer want to fear ridicule. Most of the world is enculturated to hate. Those who advise me to stop thinking see that I am distressed by too much consciousness, too deep an awareness. Do I envy the stupid? No. Nor do I envy those with "faith" or "convictions".

Upon realizing that my honesty, my intellectual integrity, is what prevents me from having convictions (and "faith"), I also realize the futility of trying to convince "believers" of their dishonesty. Do I gain anything by "attacking" believers?

Is there a point one reaches where one truly does not care anymore, when one becomes so "enlightened" that one merely grins? Maybe, I can learn something about writing from Cioran.

I almost want to begin again. Shall I continue with A Strong Dose of Madness? Yes. I will peck away at it. No story. Just INSIGHTS.

28 August Friday

121

What shall I name the website today?

Truth Monsters?

Articulating, ~~to the~~ unpleasant truths with ruthless honesty, relentless integrity, more brains, and more heart...

We view our species with a combination of wonder and pity as we openly root for its destruction.

Take 2:

... We view the status-quo TV-Land of Banks, Jails, and Churches with a combination of wonder and pity as we openly root for its destruction.

DIG ME

~~"Industry"~~ by King Crimson (about automobiles):

Once we were worshipped, polished magnificently
Now we lay in decay in the dirty angry bay.

Ruthlessly out of order and relentlessly out of line,
we view the entire system of banks, schools,
jobs, jails, and churches with a combination of
wonder and pity as we openly root for its destruction.
We pull on trouble's braids!

How?

HENTRICH'S HERETICS: We're NOT Hogan's
Fuckin' Heroes!

135

out of order, out of line, and often out of control, we view
~~the~~ the entire system of banks, schools, jobs, jails,
therapy and churches with a combination of wonder
and pity as we openly root for its destruction.
May we continue to pull on trouble's braids!

30 August Sunday 2009

I don't remember. I don't recall.
How my wrist got broken. How?
I don't know. I can't remember.
There are bloody scrapes on my back right leg.
Most likely, those are related.
I won't be able to do the community
service until the wrist heals. Two months?
I will have to carry groceries light.
Did I black out? I am curious
to know how this happened.
What will I tell those who inquire about the
injury? Maybe I fell down cutting through
a lot of at night while carrying the
heavy radio. Will this heal on
its own or do I have to see a doctor?
Emergency room?

I seem to sustain many injuries. This last injury will prevent me from being able to type. Already... I can't tie bandanas... How to tie shoe laces with one hand? No more chopping.

The human condition is miserable. Not just the human condition, but all life must be miserable. I really would prefer NON-existence!

How would I even get to a place to treat my wounded arm/wrist/hand? I am broke, poor... Without money, I do not have access to any "care"! * X

I was able to get a splint put on my wrist from Kim - a woman who drives an ambulance. I saw her in the Safeway.

The elder German woman from Dutchland gave me \$3.00... Did I catch a bus to the emergency room with the 3 bucks? No, and again No! I purchased a 211 Steel Reserve wondering if I did anything last night during my BLACK LANT.

31 August 2009 Monday

1:30 AM INSOMNIA

I wonder how much it is going to cost me to get my wrist looked at, x-rayed, and fixed.

Maybe it was the 2 "muscle relaxants" I swallowed. I have to admit I am a little concerned about the "black outs" that occur when I am "drunk". Frightening. What if I hurt someone one of these days and end up in a rough prison out West or even back east.

Suicide is a solution. This is the consolation I give myself: suicide is always an option.

I will really want to be careful when imbibing any alcohol. Really, the strong beer is dangerous.

Better I switch to Bush ... damn.

I want to make it back to Jersey, but there is a chance I won't.

I seem to have given up all hope. My writing on the Internet lately has been a brutal attack against religious phonies and the middle class values.

X

139

First thing in the morning I like to reflect upon the one sure thing that keeps all the crap in perspective; death is certain. What does one gain from psychological insight? There has to be some kind of compensation for exerting effort into seeing things as they truly are. Writing is a kind of revenge. Is insight a kind of revenge too?

X
Now I feel/sense trouble brewing around the apartment complex... over ME. The kids are telling me, "everyone knows about it," "some are saying you're 'crazy'," "they were going to call the police," "you were screaming 'Fuck God!'" and everybody goes to church everyday, damn cock-suckers."

I wonder how long before the ass-lickers call me into the office or threaten to visit me. I guess I'll be prepared. They may be working on a case against me.

PEI
21 August 2009 Sunday
I sense the "neighbors" are getting together, to
conspire against me as they most likely don't
care for my bold & sermon,
my so-called "inappropriate" behavior.
Ass-lickers. God-fearing law-abiding
assholes!

If the authorities try to evict me,
I will delay long enough to get this
stupid alcohol education I crap over with,
but, now that my wrist is broken, I
won't be able to do the community
service ... I have until February 2010,
to come up with the rest of the fine
\$250.

Clearly, I am surrounded by a herd
of spineless sheep. We shall see what happens.
Maybe I'll be heading back to Jersey
to be homeless in Monmouth County
with an injured wrist!

Books to keep: Schopenhauer & Cioran
Wherever I go, my neighbors end up saying
I am "crazy", I am disturbed ...
I am a psychotic madman, a screamer.

Well, I will try to rest today. I will try not to worry. I am at odds with the society of God-fearing ass-lickers and goody-goody two shoes.

Most likely, throughout the process of writing to discover what I think and feel, I have become bold, and the mental freedom I have attained leads me to speak freely, as if giving a sermon.

Shall I be too concerned over this sense that I am to be asked to leave Backly Ridge apartments? I will simply fight it. I will stand my ground. March is 6 months away.

From what the kids I tell me, "everyone" witnessed my fatest outbursts. Am I now some kind of "public enemy" bringing turmoil to the sterilized image of harmony? It's all about control and order.

By November my hand may be healed. I will explain this to the food bank when I "apply for community service." I surely believe I will be relieved to be DEAD. NO MORE RULES.

141
1 September 2009 Tuesday

I was caught on camera knocking down
two flagpoles in front of the apartment
complex ... in a rage ...
in a "blackout". I am

most likely going to have to pay \$100
extra per month over the next
4 months ... Sept, Oct, Nov, December -

My lease will NOT be renewed - no
way. I will have to travel back
to Jersey in February 2010 - in
the winter ... most likely I
will end up in a room somewhere in
Asbury Park. I don't know.

If I get evicted, I will
lose section 8 and ~~have~~ would
be in dire straits back in Jersey,
but at least I would be
"home".

My nephew and Robin came to see
me and suggested I follow through
with my idea to kill myself,
but by going on Pacific Crest Trail
down into Oregon to starve.

I am very confused about this, and will not mention it to my mother, sister, or father. I can't see myself doing this to my mother. No way in Hell!

I wonder why my nephew would advise me to ~~give~~ walk away from section 8 and even social security. Is there some conspiracy to get me to off myself? Or, is this the only way to abandon this culture?

Haven't my journals been one long suicide note? Shalonda still hasn't written back. It is becoming more and more difficult for me to get through the month. I really must cease drinking alcohol before I end up incarcerated!

My nephew knows I am suffering and he wants me to find peace. Living in these apartment complexes is not desirable for me... Since 2005, I have been having trouble with neighbors!

Do I need to walk away?
If so, shall I carry a living will?
My nephew wants me to leave
my notebooks to him - sending
him what I have here; then he
will travel to Jersey and collect the
remainder.

I wish Thalonda would call me.
I wonder what she would think about
the advice my nephew has given me,
he was crying when he said
goodbye, I believing that to
be the last time I would
see each other.

Life has taught me not to want it,
I cannot compromise? Living this life
that is NOT WORTH LIVING
is damaging me. Living is unnecessary.

Am I a samurai warrior preparing
his mind for harakiri?
My sorrow and pain runs very deep.

6 September 2009 Sunday

Today I feel very lazy and depressed.
I don't want any company... tired of drugs and
tired of alcohol... tired of eating even.

A nap may be the most intelligent thing
to do, much more intelligent than
chasing euphoria. Why are drugs and
alcohol pushed? Because this life
is miserable. Naps are blessed reprieves
from the general misery inherent in the
human condition.

Beside the novel by Sylvia Plath (*The Bell Jar*),
I also will be investigating the work of Geo
Stone, *SUICIDE* and *Attempted Suicide*.

My nephew reminded me that all my
journals represent one long suicide note.

This latest rapturing, with society, with
De Shann and Hegera, forces me to face
the ugly truth: I don't like people.

There are very few people who I can
tolerate. I am so sick of being
used by "fellow-prisoners."

821
There is only one way "out" of this nightmare world: going within.

My Inner Life is my true wealth, and I refuse to be robbed of enjoying my brain. Maybe I will be able to finally isolate so thoroughly that I will understand that the company of blockheads is in no way preferable to loneliness.

There are very few people who think like me. This is why I am drawn to literature, because I enjoy my own company.

I think that reading about how to successfully commit suicide will give me insight into this idea that keeps returning to me every time I face my hopelessness and I ~~do~~ want to put off suicide while I am out here in Washington. I will give New Jersey another try. I want to live near family.



My mental freedom will liberate me from the
restrictions and limitations of the
"official" world of literature!

I am not Dostoevsky writing a philosophical
novel about an underground man. I am
a mental creature writing his own diary
without any concern for publishers.

Absurd Essays ... Absurd Meditations ...

My Forbidden Thoughts ...

11 September 2009 Friday

I discovered a much more relaxing way to
greet the "day", which begins around 5AM
with a hungry stomach demanding
food. Rather than lay there in
discomfort, I simply got up, made
coffee, potatoes & eggs. After
devouring the meal, I promptly went
back to sleep. I have moved my
blankets to the back room now.

That is where I sleep now. I slept
in BLISS until 11AM !!! In Sunbeams!

I really botched up this month's finances.
\$90 I in the red! I suppose that will
be deducted from next month's SS check.
Next month is three weeks away --- 20 days
plus 3 days ... Holy Fuck.

It is times like these when I
just don't have a clue - or when I wish
I could just voluntarily join my ancestors.
I have a prescription for pain killers,
but no money for them.

Fortunately I can WALK to the goddamn
"Alcohol & Education" bullshit. That is
on the 19th ... a Saturday. I will have to
walk at 8AM ... I wonder what I
will eat. It starts at 9AM and ends
at 6PM. Life sucks.

I hated Monmouth County, New Jersey;
but I am not at all happy out here.
I do resent my nephew for leading me
out here. I can feel our
bond has broken. He can do whatever
the hell he wants with Robin and Hannah.

121
I have every intention of moving my self
back to New Jersey.

Maybe my father can help me secure
a train ticket for March 1st 2010.

I can inquire about how to get a
release date ... I'll start
the process during December.

September → October → November → December → 4
January → February → March
5 6

6 months ... What can I do but
wait? I could return sooner
if I get excited and lose my
section 8.

I still have to do community service.
When will I start that?

I will apply next month.

This month I just want to
complete the alcohol education crap.

Early next month I will apply for community service

at the Food Bank, and let them know I will begin serving hours when my cast is removed. ~~in~~ ~~me~~

While I feel like I am in Hell, without tobacco, without alcohol, without marijuana ... I can blame cocaine for that.

One session put me in the doghouse. No more of that shit. Even if I have to remain totally isolated.

Also, I don't think I will want to return to Asbury Park or Matawan. I will allow myself to contemplate my options over the next several months.

By January, 2010, I may really have to come up with a plan. Maybe somewhere in Ocean County ... I don't want to

be anywhere near Lakewood, even though that's where my Mom lives now. There is NO HOME for me to return to.

I MAY JUST RETURN TO DIE IN FREEHOLD.

821
I don't feel like discussing too much with my nephew. If his only plan for me is for me to walk into the forest to die, then I suspect that there is something he is not telling me about. What he and Robin are about.

I will fade out of his life. Maybe I will just take a taxi cab to the train station in Seattle on March 1st, 2010. I have 6 months to think about the details.

I won't be carrying very much, of course.

The question remains: where on earth will I be staying?

Maybe I can visit my mother for a couple weeks. (a couple days)

Then I will have to see about a more permanent residence.

I do understand why my nephew sees my SUICIDE as inevitable. I will put up with as much as I can, and then... well... we shall see.

P21
I have my notes that reveal to me why I came out West. The fact is that my mother and I are extremely close, and I underestimated how much I would miss her presence in my life.

Out here, even though the apartment is beautiful, I feel like I am in prison. I have experienced extreme loneliness and despair.

I don't know where I will end up when I return to New Jersey.

There really is nowhere for me to stay in Freehold now that my mother has moved.

There is no turning back. My childhood is long gone.

There is no significant woman in my life. Shalonda is a friend, and I am glad to know her, but I have lost faith in "romantic love".

I no more believe in romantic love than I believe in the God of the Bible.

And so I become colder, more cynical, more negative. I become a monster because I see unpleasant truths. And shall I create a philosophical work? If so, what would be its purpose?

This is just another diary of an honest man who has come to the conclusion that life is just too much for me to bear, that I am most likely too sensitive for the brute nature of Being.

Vonnegut may have been quite accurate when he stated, that all great literature is about what a bummer it is to be human. Verily, it sucks - this human condition. If I had money and access, I would most likely succumb to alcoholic oblivion and a drug-induced euphoric ecstasy. But, lo and behold, I am broke.

I do not struggle to attain cash or drugs or tobacco or alcohol. I just accept it. I read books to PASS the time.

157
[In many ways I have already symbolically prepared to leave this world. I had few possessions, but the few possessions I did have are all gone now. I no longer have any desire to own a television or a sofa or anything else. I have no such desire.

In a very real sense, I am more free than I ever have been. I am more free precisely because I left all the stuff I treasured behind in order to go search for my nephew in Seattle, Washington.

Even though it has been quite a nightmare from the beginning, and while I have had many regrets, the fact remains that I did become more free in the process. I forced myself to OWN NO POSSESSIONS. The funny thing is that most of my possessions

had been BOOKS, computers, and stereo equipment, as well as recorded music...

~~While leaving Jersey has been a nightmare,~~
~~something magical has taken place.~~

So true!

MAGICAL!



I have become more free, free from desire. I hardly even desire a female companion anymore. I do not see "marriage" as a solution to the NIGHTMARE OF EXISTENCE.]

If I have any "BIBLE", ~~that~~ it consists of the works of my favorite philosophers, namely Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Cioran... as well as Husserl, Merleau-Ponty and some others.

I actually love who I am very much. I love I who I am and I see how attracted I am to beauty.

What sustains me here in Federst Way are the many beautiful women of gaye at while working in the library.

ETI
[I spend every day at the library and I have been making great studies in my studies. Poverty has not prevented me from excelling as a scholar.

So, yes, I have great fore for who I am and who I have become.]
I don't care if my nephew doesn't like who I've become!
Who am I becoming? The Poor Devil

An opinionated rebel ... a drifter.
What will my last diaries be?
Will they be more of the same?
It may be that diaries are the most authentic literature there is.

[This is MY TRUTH.

I am not up to writing a novel.]

Why not? Because the world is too stupid, shallow, phony, and simply not at all interested to appreciate my ideas. That's the truth. The world is not worth the trouble, you see.

My inner world is the real world to me.

If I make it back to New Jersey, will I miss Ernestine? Will I ever try to contact her? What is she doing right now? Is she lonely? Would she think of calling me?

Why do I resist calling her? Well... I am a solitary... a lone wolf... one who is a few thousand miles from where he grew up... Has this experience made me "stronger"?

I realize that, no matter what I think of my mother's philosophy of life, that I have a deep attachment to her, and that I want to be near her to be able to help her.

Even though I love to sit beside Ernestine, to look into her eyes tenderly and lovingly, I understand that I am old enough to be her father. Passing through this life, how do I know anything? Ernestine might become a more tender memory to me than any woman I have ever met. Cherish NOW.

771
Most likely, the main reason I write now,
and the main reason I have written in diaries
since I was twelve years old, is because
of my "loneliness". I have grasped the
predicament I am in. The deeper I
turn into my inner dimensions, the
closer I get to the Others ...
and yet I hide, I isolate.

Why? Because others seem burdened
by their own pains, their own
dilemmas, their own madness -

and my reflections, my insights,
my truths, only seem to annoy
them. And I can't

bear to have my deepest truths
abused. I prefer my own company.

I have my own agenda. It
includes reading, research, exploring
history, and reflecting upon ideas.

When I find myself near
the end of a particularly difficult read,
such as Feldman's Cannibalism,
Headhunting, and Human Sacrifice in North America,
I like to PAUSE - to reread Schopenhauer.

Surely, I am a disciple of Arthur Schopenhauer; and yet I really do not have to preach his doctrine to the world. It is enough for me to be guided without having to convince others. One of the texts I salvaged from my collection is The Pessimist's Handbook which I paid \$160.00 for back in 1991 to have it printed from microfilm!

In COUNSELS AND MAXIMS, section 9, A.S. verifies that "the burdens and disadvantages, the dangers and annoyances, which arise from having to do with others, are not only countervailing but unavoidable."

"A man can be himself only so long as he is alone; and if he does not love solitude, he will not love freedom; for it is only when he is alone that he is really free."

I shall resist the urge to transcribe every word. Meditating upon this great seer's insights is enough vengeance for me.

It is enough revenge against the "high life" and the "worldly" for me to discover eternity in a quiet evening alone with books. There is nothing to be had...

PTI
["The Cynics renounced all private property in order to attain the bliss of having nothing to trouble them; and to renounce society with the same object is the wisest thing a man can do."]

©
I am nearly finished reading A History Forgotten and I feel a change coming over me. Have I been "too kind"? Is kindness a sign of weakness after all? When a man has gone his entire life showing compassion and kindness, and then, over time, gradually comes to understand that he is being mocked, ridiculed, and disrespected because of it — that his kindness is seen as WEAKNESS — does such a man become a COLD-BLOODED MONSTER?

What about TENDERNESS?

What about SENSITIVITY?

What about COMPASSION and MERCY?

Are these the traits of "SUCKERS"?

What is my truth? Why did England and USA firebomb German civilians? Why were the buffaloes of North America slaughtered? What the fuck is going on?

I have been getting so much reading in lately, especially when I have no funds for alcohol. Also, since I do not have 24x7 access to the Internet, I can only make a few comments per day.

My presence of mind is a real phenomenon, as are other presences...

I finished reading Cannibalism, Headhunting, and HS in NA and look forward to a calm solitary evening investigating Geo Stone's work on SUICIDE.

I feel calm. I have a few things to take care of in Washington over the next 6 months that involve the Federal Way Municipal Cant as well as my "landlord". Wherever my nephew is coming from these days has much to do with his involvement with his wife, Robin. Fortunately for me, I have other presences concerned about my welfare. I am not at anyone's mercy. Life is a journey... and these scribbles are a record. That's all.